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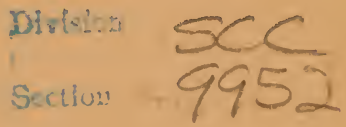

Presented to Rev. F. A. Willard,
with special regards
of the
Author.

March 17th 1850

— " —

Think not the trifles here contained
Elaborated art,
They are but drops from fancy's clouds,
And echoes from the heart.

G. Dyer

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VOICES OF NATURE,

AND

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY

SIDNEY DYER.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

"I am na poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer like, by chance."

LOUISVILLE:
J. V. COWLING & G. C. DAVIES.
1849.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1849, by
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TO

ALL YOUNG MEN,

WHO ARE

TOO ASPIRING TO REMAIN IGNORANT,

TOO INDOMITABLE TO BE DEPRESSED BY POVERTY,

AND

WHO WOULD RATHER BE WISE THAN WEALTHY,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are," the liberty to write rhymes when they please, and to publish them in a book when it suits their purpose; and that every individual has the right to occupy and improve a portion of the demesne of Literature; provided, always, that he does not appropriate to himself the betterments of his neighbor, without giving due credit for value received.

In accordance with this "bill of rights," the Author of this little volume has occupied a small portion of the demesne aforesaid, and improved it to the best of his ability, and the fruits gathered in are herewith presented; they may be considered bad samples, crude and unripe; but, nevertheless, they are in market.

No doubt, among so large a collection, the nice taste of the critic will discover some "sour crabs" to set his literary

dentals on edge. Well, there is some consolation in this thought, for it is much more agreeable to be handsomely "cut up," than to submit to bruises and mangling from the blunted fangs of some critical "*Snarleyyow.*"

For this intrusion upon public notice, all the reasons usually presented to justify such a procedure could be adduced; but the Author will not add to the number of these inflictions: it is with his book, and not with the reasons which induced him to publish it, that the public has to do.

At the age of sixteen years the Author found himself a "drummer boy" in the United States Army, wholly ignorant of the grammar of "his land's language." By the kind exertions of a pious female, he was induced to devote those hours to study, usually given by his companions to idleness, dissipation, and vice; and to the blessing of Heaven upon these efforts, he is indebted for all the acquirements he may possess, having, from that time to the present hour, enjoyed none of the advantages of school or college.

The above statement is made that the accompanying poems may appear in their proper light. They are not the productions of the polished schoolman, but the simple lays of one whose only claim to the sacred name of poet is, the possession of a heart and mind ever deeply impressed with the true and beautiful.

The pieces comprised in the following pages have been written within the last three years, during hours of relaxation from the arduous duties of a profession to which the Author is now wholly devoted; and have appeared, from time to time, in various monthly magazines, and other popular journals.

To those who may feel disposed to criticise, the Author would most cordially say: "*Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness,*" from which he hopes to derive a benefit; but in any event, it can do him no very great harm; for, in

addition to being possessed of a disposition which has but little of the "irritable" in its composition, he happens to be in the condition described by the pious African, when he exclaimed; "Blessed am da dat hab nothin, for da hab nothin to lose!"

In concluding this "long story," the Author would remark, that he feels a consciousness of having "written no line which dying he would wish to blot;" therefore, these stammering Voices, crude Thoughts, and halting Rhymes, are the more willingly permitted to go forth and seek a kindly reception from a generous public by

THE AUTHOR.

Louisville, Ky., 1849.

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PRELUDE.

I.

I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees,
Its echoes sweetly ringing
In every passing breeze.
The brooks, with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays,
And hill and vale rejoices,
To join the song of praise.

II.

The deep-voiced waves of Ocean
Roll on the tide of song,
While storms in wild commotion
The anthem notes prolong;
The cloud-strung harps, sonorous,
In lingering thunder strains,
Join with the stars in chorus,
Along the heavenly plains.

III.

When thus each VOICE is ringing,
Through NATURE'S wide domain,
My own its tribute bringing,
Repeats the glad refrain;
And when the soul is glowing,
With raptures so sublime,
My THOUGHTS to numbers flowing,
I "weave the lofty RHYME."

VOICES OF NATURE,

AND

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

THE PLEASURES OF THOUGHT.*

I.

For what was man designed? to live and die?
To mingle back to dust and be forgot?
To feel the ills of life, and then to lie
In drear oblivion in the grave and rot?
O cruel fate! were this his hopeless lot;
'T were better far that life he ne'er should know,
Than thus to be, and wish that he were not;
To long for pleasure's stream, yet 'mid the flow
Of sorrow's turbid wave to sink in deepest woe.

---

* Pronounced before the Literary Societies of Georgetown College, Kentucky.

II.

He wears an upright form of heavenly make,
With soul and sense mysteriously combined;
Which oft, like well-tuned harpstrings, doth awake
A thrill of rapturous pleasure in the mind.
But sense alone ne'er yields the bliss designed,
When into man was breathed the deathless soul;
By heavenly skill for purer joys refined,
And upward taught to look from earth's control,
And pant to soar beyond where farthest planets roll.

III.

"Hope's" fond delights one tuneful bard * hath sung,
Whose fame Apollo might have wished to share,
Bright star-eyed Hope, when his wild numbers rung,
Born once again to earth, divinely fair,—
"Enchanted smiled and waved her golden hair."
But still her promised good is far away,
For when at last brought near, full oft despair
Is found to dwell and rule with iron sway,
Where she had promised most, and cast her brightest ray!

IV.

The pleasing joys that "Memory's" voice recalls
Have oft been sung, and late by one † whose strain
Upon the ear in softened cadence falls;
But Memory's song awakes with each refrain,

---

* Campbell. † Rogers.

Those deep-toned chords that bring up tears again;
We linger o'er the past with sad regret,
Where lie our blighted hopes on Time's dark plain,
Each happy interval review, and yet
Would all its bliss forego could we its pains forget!

V.

With nobler aim, and far sublimer flight,
An elder bard* awoke the tuneful shell,
And to "IMAGINATION'S" realms of light,
Mounted on viewless wing, and caught the swell
Of angel choirs, as gently rose and fell
Their votive praise on high. Though strong its sway,
Imagination 's but a passing spell—
An Ignis Fatuus, whose delusive ray
Lights up unreal worlds, and glows but to betray!

VI.

Not such the theme which now inspires our muse,
Its pleasures aye are present, pure, and free,
Like April's early blossoms, which diffuse
A fragrance round our path where'er it be.
Thought spreads for all a deep and boundless sea,
Where billows of delight incessant roll,
Each glowing with the light of DEITY;
While wrapt in thought's sweet reverie, the soul
Enjoys a meed of bliss, that earth can ne'er control.

---

* Aikenside.

VII.

The power of thought alone gives man the sway,
And right to rule as lord o'er earth's domain;
It makes the forest king his will obey,
And lightning's vengeful bolt admit his reign.
The noble river, coursing to the main,
Diverted from its bed, his mastery feels,
E'en Ocean's self is made to wear his chain,
And on his surge to bear a thousand keels,
'Till 'neath their ponderous weight old Neptune groans and reels.

VIII.

It is the ruling power of every age,
The monarch crowns, or hurls him from the throne—
Writes its own characters on History's page,
And makes the wonders of its mission known—
With stately march it moves from zone to zone,
The star of hope to man; the beacon blaze
Which erst along his darkened pathway shone,
When he a serf was held in ancient days,
And on the future poured the light of Freedom's rays.

IX.

Each age has felt its power—each bears its seal:
On that bright morn when Adam first awoke,
And heard the vocal stars chant their loud peal
Of rapturous joy, as full the chorus broke

From their wide spheres, it felt its first life stroke
Begin. Man held at first a sinless reign,
And wore with willing zeal his Lord's mild yoke;
Well pleased to dress the flower-enameled plain,
And join the sons of God in their seraphic strain.

X.

But soon by show of good, deceived, he fell,
And by that rueful act obscured the light
He first received from Heaven; then came a spell
Which o'er his pathway threw the pall of night.
Yet mercy left one star to glad his sight,
And bade him trust and hope, though crushed and riven.
Thus cheered, he rose, and sought in toil delight,
And when to Wisdom's ways his thoughts are given,
He tastes of pleasure's stream meandering pure from Heaven!

XI.

'T is not from books alone Thought's pleasures flow—
They are but aqueducts which serve to bring
The stream direct (meandering else, and slow),
As fresh it wells from the Pierian spring;
But who would taste it pure, at times must fling
His books aside, and turn to Nature's page,
Open alike to peasant, prince, and king,
To men untaught, as well as learnéd sage,
And 'mid its lessons deep his ardent thoughts engage.

XII.

How pure the thoughts which Nature's truths inspire!
How swells the raptured soul beneath their power!
'Till upward borne, it plucks celestial fire,
And pours o'er earth a scintillating shower;
They guide the erring soul through darkest hour,
In Wisdom's way, where heavenly fountains well,
Oft yield to poverty the richest dower,
Disperse the gloom which fills the dungeon cell,
And Earth as Eden glows beneath their magic spell.

XIII.

Now let us range abroad and take our fill
From this rich source of thought, where pleasure gleams
As morning sunlight on the slanting hill,
Or, as upon the wave it laughing seems
To sport and play, and watch its wrinkling beams.
The joys we gather here will never tire,
Nor flit like empty forms of idle dreams;
But fill the soul's enlarged and chaste desire,
Its heavenly powers expand, and noblest thoughts inspire!

XIV.

How wide the range where'er the thoughts may turn!
At every point a world before us lies —
From grains of sand to far off orbs which burn,
And roll in blazing splendor through the skies;

From wandering comet, which erratic flies,
And trails a cloudy light along its way,
To smallest insect, which at morning's rise
Is born, but faints beneath the sun's full ray,
And dies, its being's end fulfilled ere noon of day.

XV.

How vast are Nature's stores! and various too,
And rich as vast, to all who prize their worth;
Though thousands oft have ranged her fields, yet new
They ever seem as at Creation's birth.
Oh, beautiful and bright is this fair Earth!
Its hills and dales, its skies and crystal streams,
Its blooming groves, and birds of sportive mirth;
Its flowery meads, where Beauty smiling seems
Reclined on Nature's breast in most delicious dreams!

XVI.

And when the circling year from Winter's chill,
The Spring awakes again with wonted fire;
With vernal beams makes bare the snow-capped hill,
And Earth responsive to the warm desire,
Arrays her leafless form in rich attire;
When sun and shower revive the dormant land,
And fresh the meadowgrass shoots up its spire;
When Flora, borne on zephyrs soft and bland,
Strews all her blooming wealth around with lavish hand;

XVII.

Oh! then 't is sweet to seek the scented grove,
Alone to muse, reclined beneath the shade;
Or through its festooned walks delighted rove,
And pluck the flowers which gem the emerald glade;
Or 'neath the waving boughs, anew arrayed
In brightest green, inhale the fragrant air,
Delighting soul and sense. Thus oft I 've strayed
In meditation deep, till earth and care
Were both alike forgot, for God himself was there!

XVIII.

But oft is seen the groveling son of earth,
Whose sluggish soul no theme can e'er inspire;
The stately oak to him is thus much worth—
'T will serve to build his fence, or light his fire!
That aught was e'er designed for purpose higher,
Ne'er once appears to him—he sees no good
In searching Nature only to admire
Her wonderous art, and thus in thoughtful mood
To roam her mazes through, and muse in solitude.

XIX.

Oh gross, insensate one! thus to degrade
The peerless semblance of the Deity,
And that abuse for holiest purpose made!
The flowing stream, meandering to the sea,

The whispering breeze which floats along the lea,
The humblest flower that parts the yielding sod,
The Ocean's rolling wave, unchained and free,
The waving trees, which bend with graceful nod,
And every glittering star — all point the thoughts to God!

XX.

To God — the soul's high source and final rest!
The highest theme to men or angels known;
Who know of Him the most are highest blest,
Who know Him not, though on the world's high throne,
In darkness still are left to sigh and groan.
THOUGHT to the soul must be the loosened dove,
Out o'er the deluged world to go alone,
And back return with the sweet pledge of love,
That when the floods subside our Ark shall rest above.

XXI.

A few wise men have lived in every age,
Who ne'er by vice obscured their mental sight,
As SOCRATES, or PAUL the Christian sage,
Whose words went forth as beams of heavenly light,
And rolled from earth the sevenfold pall of night;
Or WASHINGTON, for God-like actions sent;
Or Quincy's sage, "whose life was in the right,"
Who, falling when at last his powers were spent,
Exclaimed: "*This is the last of earth, I am content!*"

XXII.

And there were those in time's most early day,
Who saw in marble, Beauty's glowing trace,
The magic chisel seized and cleft away
The rock, and forth she stood instinct with grace;
While others sought by Helicon a place,
And with the choral Nine awoke the strain;
And foremost he, who won immortal bays,
And sung of conquering Greece and Ilion's pain,
Of fierce Achilles' wrath, and noble Hector slain.

XXIII.

Each varying mind a theme congenial finds,
In Nature's boundless range of wonderous things,
Some note the laws which sphere in sphere confines,
And number every star, as Science flings
Light on their path revealing all their springs;
While others read, portrayed upon the rock,
Each phase of earth, ere Time, with new-fledged wings,
Had soared in its first flight: the earthquake's shock
To them, is Nature's door at which for truth they knock.

XXIV.

The Swedish sage oft sought the dewy mead,
And plucked the opening flowers with wrapt delight,
Their petals told, their leaves and shining seed,
Their blooms of iris hues or spotless white,

Limned by a skill divine to charm the sight.
To him each bird, each leaf or blooming flower,
Which smiles by day or drinks the dew by night,
Was a wide universe, in life's brief hour
His mind could never grasp, though stretched to utmost power!

XXV.

The blood-stained hero, fresh from conquered fields,
In triumph borne along, to be admired,
Amid the dazzling pageantry, ne'er feels
A tithe of that rich joy, which once inspired
The sage of olden time, who sought, untired,
For latent truths, and oft his problem tried.
When thought at last had grasped the prize, it fired
His inmost soul, and swift as bursting tide
He rushed the streets along, and loud "EUREKA!" cried.

XXVI.

No tongue can tell the joy COLUMBUS felt,
When first the thought sublime flashed o'er his soul
Of undiscovered worlds; and as he dwelt
Upon the rapturous theme, thought spurned control,
And leaped the rolling surge and reached the goal,
Long ere the winds had filled his loosened sail.
Though unexplored the waves expansive roll
Across his way, where bides no lingering trail,
His bark is on the deep and drives before the gale.

XXVII.

Kings had refused when he for aid did sue,
And courtly fools would taunt with laugh and jeer;
But still unmoved, he kept the prize in view;
And oft in vision wrapt, like holy seer,
He saw Hesperia's land approaching near,
Proud to receive his name. He paused no more,
But ventured on when others shrunk with fear,
And bliss enjoyed as none enjoyed before,
When morning's early light revealed the welcome shore!

XXVIII.

An ingrate monarch may each limb enchain,
And thrust him deep within the prison's jaws;
Each minion, with their fulsome tongues, may stain
That name so nobly won in virtue's cause,
And others gain his own well-earned applause;
But with his soul and thoughts unchained and free,
He laughs to scorn the tyrant's power and laws,—
He sees rise up, beyond the rolling sea,
A nation just and true, to bless his memory!

XXIX.

The lightning's flash the admiring FRANKLIN saw,
And to its cloud-built home with undimmed eye
He soared on thought's strong wing, and traced the law
Which rolled its thundering wheels along the sky;

Anon he raised his daring hand on high,
And grasped the quivering bolt and quenched its ire;
Then bade it pause or harmless onward fly,
And thus gave wings to thought of heavenly fire,
And won a brilliant fame whose rays shall ne'er
expire!

XXX.

The man who thus could brave the lightning's shock,
Was never born to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or stoop with servile bow; but like the rock,
Which laughs at wind and storm and raging main,
To stand unmoved, with heaven-exalted mien;
And thus he stood and vowed his country free
From haughty lordling's rule and kingly reign,
And bade her sons no more with suppliant knee,
Bow down to fellow dust and beg for Liberty!

XXXI.

Hail, Liberty! thou boon which all men crave,
More precious far than life or crowns of gold;
Thou ne'er on earth hadst found an early grave,
If thought's free range had not been first controlled.
But thought is free again! and who can hold
It now, or stay its march? no sceptered foe,
Nor mitered priest, with heart to Satan sold,
For man has caught anew the kindling glow,
And on his march shall be 'till Earth shall Freedom
know!

XXXII.

Let Gallia's traitor kings a warning be
To thrones and powers — ay, let them henceforth know
That man has power to act, and dare be free;
That he was born to think, and thought shall flow
Free as the air we breathe—the winds that blow.
Who dares again oppress with traiterous scheme,
Shall by a freeman's arm be stricken low;
The age of kings has passed — a vanished dream —
FREEDOM ascends the throne, and THOUGHT shall reign supreme!

XXXIII.

The PRESS doth wide the power of thought extend,
And gives a "habitation and a name"
To what the mind conceives. Its force shall end,
Grim Error's reign, and blast to endless shame
The foes of human kind, but spread the fame
The good man seeks to earth's remotest bound.
Against its freedom only those exclaim,
Who dread the dazzling light it sheds around,
Exposing deeds they seek to shroud in gloom profound!

XXXIV.

What! seek the PRESS omnipotent, to stay!
First in thy grasp the viewless winds enchain,
And hurl the comet from its chosen way;
Go bind the waves, dark-heaving o'er the main,

And bid the Sun stand still o'er yonder plain;
Make darkness come — turn noonday into night,
Arrest the shafts of Death, and end his reign —
Then hope the PRESS to bind, and quench its light
By force of human law and arm of human might!

XXXV.

The moldering heaps which curious eyes explore,
Of fluted shaft or broken architrave,
From Egypt's quarries wrought in days of yore,
When kings in servile chains did all enslave,
And thousands died to build each sovereign's grave;
The rock-hewn cities long from traveler's eye
Concealed, where owlets shriek and satyrs rave,
The sphynx, and pyramids which prop the sky,
Are waymarks left by thought in ages long gone by.

XXXVI.

O! blessed hour! the "Dayspring from on high,"
Dawns on the darkened world; long-brooding night
Rolls back, and morning breaks along the sky,
While Wisdom, stooping from her heavenly hight,
Spreads o'er the earth her robe of dazzling light;
The humblest now rejoice and fear no ban,
But seek for wisdom as their heaven-born right;
With pleasure think, the thoughts of others scan,
And deem him highest blest who best can act the man!

XXXVII.

The mind aroused as ne'er in former years,
Majestic, like the Sun, moves on its way
Of light from clime to clime, and earth appears
To glow e'en now with bright millenial ray!
Old things with olden times have passed away,
And man no more consents to plod his round
In search of joys which ne'er his toils repay;
But like the wingéd light, with one rebound,
Leaps to the goal he seeks, o'er hight and space profound!

XXXVIII.

The forest melts at his advancing stride,
And up, like magic, towns and cities spring;
The subtle elements his will abide,
And serve his wish as subjects serve their king.
Each day reveals some new, unheard-of thing,
'Till Wonder long has ceased to feel surprise —
Thought now is sent upon the lightning's wing,
Which, round the circling earth obedient flies
With speed as swift as e'er it flashed along the skies!

XXXIX.

Thus Thought goes forth and holds the world in awe,
Subservient makes each known and latent power,
(Led to their springs by truth's unerring law),
Bedecks the desert wild with fruit and flower,

And gleans from barren fields a princely dower ;
Amid confusion, perfect order finds,
A radiant sun, where clouds of darkness lower ;
Culls rarest gems from long neglected mines,
And purest bliss enjoys, where Ignorance repines !

XL.

O'er Earth, ere long, a fearful change shall pass,
Hurled back to chaos, whence at first it came,
Its beauty changed to one unshapen mass,
As round it spreads the fierce devouring flame,
Which leaves no lingering trace of place or fame ;
Then o'er the scene shall THOUGHT arise and shine,
With radiant beams the noonday sun shall shame,
And from the smoldering wrecks of Earth and Time,
In triumph mount to God, Immortal and Divine !

THE SNOWFLAKE.

Little evanescent thing,
Flitting on thy jeweled wing,
Soon to press the plain so drear,
And dissolve into a tear!
Yet I will not weep for thee —
Brighter is thy destiny.
Though the frost may on the plain,
Hold thee with an icy chain,
Spring will come with sunny glee,
To unlock and set thee free.
Mounting up on wings of air,
Where the forkéd lightnings glare;
Riding in the thunder's car,
O'er the spicy lands afar;
Breathing in the leaves of flowers,
Sparkling in the summer showers;

Glowing in the vernal bow,
Leaping with the streamlet's flow;
Mingling with the ocean's waves,
Coursing through the coral caves;
Swimming in the peasant's bowl,
Nectar to the thirsty soul;
Thus a merry round thou'lt go—
Back again, a flake of snow!

Such is changing life to me—
Now in sadness, now in glee;
Bathed at times in sorrow's tears,
Mounting now above all fears;
Soaring upward to the skies,
Prostrate as the floweret lies;
Doomed to sleep within the grave,
O'er me soon the grass will wave;
Yet as deathless still I know,
As the changing flake of snow!

THE RAINDROP.

I.

Oh! mark yon wanderer of the skies,
Which floats along so fast;
'T is gliding down the stream of Time,
From hoary ages past:

II.

For it was born before the light
Burst from yon orb so free;
Or Time had plumed its viewless wing,
From out Eternity!

III.

Rude Time has left on it no trace
Of age, nor fell decay;
For when his hand would touch its youth,
It swiftly glides away.

IV.

'T is bright and pure, 'till from the clouds
It drops to bless the earth,
Whose base return is but to mar
The radiance of its birth.

V.

Th' ungrateful earth not only stains
And steals its sweet perfume,
But forms beneath its thirsty clods,
A dark and loathsome tomb.

VI.

Yet here, though held in durance long,
At last will come a day,
When it will burst earth's caverns deep,
And gladly soar away.

VII.

What it was first no tongue can tell—
Perchance an angel's tear,
And now it roams too pure and bright
To find a lodgment here.

VIII.

And so it wanders o'er the earth,
To all a welcome guest;
But never finds, not e'en in flowers,
Congenial place of rest.

IX.

It often mounts up with the clouds,
To gain its native sphere ;
But failing in its heavenward flight,
Drops back to earth a tear.

X.

It erst appeared when brooding night
Hung o'er the dark abyss,
And then it smiled in Eden's bower,
'Mid innocence and bliss.

XI.

Anon it fell from Eve's sad cheek,
When from the garden driven,
To roam a stranger o'er the earth,
By sin and sorrow riven.

XII.

And then it blended with the clouds,
And swept o'er hill and dale;
And shone a gem in that rich bow,
Which Hope spread o'er the vale.

XIII.

It oft has decked the ocean's wave,
And sported o'er the deep,
And searched all through its azure halls,
Where slimy monsters creep.

XIV.

It there hath kissed the pallid cheek
Of cold, uncoffined dead,
Who lie among the coral groves,
Which deck the ocean's bed.

XV.

It may have flowed from infant eyes,
Ere sin had entered there,
Or traced its way o'er Mercy's cheek,
When looking on Despair.

XVI.

And it hath been a mother's tear,
Shed with her latest breath,
When last she kissed her little ones,
And bowed her soul in death.

XVII.

Then from the weeping orphan's eye
It fell her cheeks to lave,
Or giving fragrance to the flowers,
That bloom upon her grave.

XVIII.

When Mary bathed the Saviour's feet,
And wiped them with her hair,
This drop, among its sister tears,
Was paid in tribute there.

XIX.

Perchance the pearl which Jesus wept
When Lazarus was dead,
Was this pure drop, or that which o'er
Jerusalem He shed!

XX.

It may have been — it is so pure —
Commingled in that tide,
Which, well to wash our sins away,
Gushed from the Saviour's side!

XXI.

It softly floats on zephyr's wing,
To kiss the opening flowers,
And brightly sparkles in the sun,
When fall the jeweled showers.

XXII.

It swells the blushing, luscious peach,
And courses up the vine;
Then bursting from the ripened grape,
It mingles in the wine.

XXIII.

When fever burns the pilgrim's lips,
How sweet its cooling aid,
When dropping from the welcome cloud,
Or sparkling o'er the glade.

XXIV.

The sterile glebe oft feels its power,
And springing from the soil,
The thrifty grain has ripened fast
To bless the reaper's toil.

XXV.

Ah! it is gone, and thus away
Seems gliding all that 's fair;
It flits a moment here below,
Then vanishes in air.

XXVI.

But as the evanescent drop,
That late to me was driven,
Now soars above, the pure and good
Will soon ascend to Heaven!

'T IS SPRING AGAIN.

The scent of Spring is on the gale,
And beauty blooms,
As Flora's smiles lie on the vale,
Bathed in perfumes;
And on the breathing, balmy air,
The feathered songsters, debonair,
Pour their full strain;
Each laughing stream joins in the song,
And loud the wood-capped hills prolong,
'T is Spring again,
'T is Spring again!

With Winter's frown let sadness cease,
And cankering care,
And o'er the brow sweet smiles of peace
Wreathe garlands fair;

From joyous Nature catch the smile,
And every dreary hour beguile
From care and pain —
Join, join with bird and flowing stream,
In shouting forth the rapturous theme,
'T is Spring again,
'T is Spring again!

THE OLD IRON POKER.

I.

The heart has some heirloom enshrined in its core,
Which oft to contemplate it turns from the throng,
And as each lovéd feature is viewed o'er and o'er,
It swells into rapture and breaks into song:
And thus pleasing memory now leads me to stray
'Mid the scenes dearly loved in my youth's sunny prime,
And as each treasured object I pause to survey,
The heart feels a union unsevered by time;
But of all youth's mementos I still most admire
The old Iron Poker which stands by the fire!

II.

This alone, of the relics of time long ago,
Has grown old without change in its form or its place,

While others have taught me this lesson to know,
That Time changes all in its swift onward pace:
The cottage is gone which my infancy knew,
The grove has been felled by the woodman's strong arms,
My friends are all sleeping beneath the old yew,
And the home of my childhood is stript of its charms,
But thou still appearest as when my grandsire
First placed thee, old Poker, to stand by the fire!

III.

Ah! thou art the same as in youth's early hour
I saw thee installed in thy corner of stone,
And learned my first lesson from thy glowing power
That all was not golden though brightly it shone!
Oh! others may sing of their friends, wealth, and lovers,
And breathe forth their praises in soul-stirring song,
And upward may soar where the wild eagle hovers,
Their notes as the waves of the Ocean prolong;
But fondly I 'll sing, while a thought can inspire,
Of the old Iron Poker which stands by the fire!

THE DRUMMER BOY.

I.

Oh, once I was a "Drummer Boy,"
And wore a gay cockade,
And merrily marched with rub-a-dub,
Around the green parade.

II.

But though I seemed to every eye
A thoughtless soldier lad,
I then knew not the light of joy —
My heart was ever sad.

III.

With earliest orient beams I rose
To beat the "Reveille,"
Yet, though it others woke to light,
It brought no light to me!

IV.

At night's return my light "Tattoo"
The weary called to rest,
Ah! then my throbbing heart would beat
A tattoo in my breast.

V.

Whene'er I rolled the "double drag,"
The "Troop," or stirring "Cheers,"
Full faster than my strokes would fall
The showering drops of tears!

VI.

At "Mounting Guard," or on "Review,"
My merry "double quick"
Would make each step and bosom light,
So lively flew my stick;

VII.

But my own heart felt no delight,
Its chords were cold and numb;
And if they gave an echo forth,
'T was like the "funeral drum."

VIII.

For though I moved among the throng,
And played a gleesome part,
Yet all the while a load of grief
Lay cankering in my heart.

IX.

I mingled with the coarse and rude,
And heard the ribald jest;
And thought to die as they will die,
Unhonored and unblest.

X.

But there was one who saw my grief,
Just bordering on despair;
She sought me out, and angel like,
Made all my woes her care.

XI.

Oh! then my soul o'erflowed with bliss,
My step was light and free,
While my full heart with joyance beat
Its first glad "Reveille!"

XII.

My feet were turned on Wisdom's "March!"
And on my raptured sight
The dawning broke, and since that hour
Has poured increasing light.

XIII.

When now I think of "auld lang syne,"
Of present, past employ,
I scarce can make myself believe
I was that "Drummer Boy!"

SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

I.

I 'm the bright SUNBEAM !
I flit as a dream,
Which gently comes down from the skies,
When sleep with delight,
Holds infancy bright,
To close up its soft silken eyes.

II.

O'er lake and o'er sea,
As tripping with glee,
Reflected my beauties I trace ;
So rapt is the wave,
As lightly I lave,
It trembles as still we embrace.

III.

I lie in the rose,
When freshly unclose
Its leaves to the sun and the breeze;
I skip o'er the plain,
And ripe waving grain,
Or glide o'er the leaves of the trees.

IV.

I shun not the cot,
Where poverty's lot
Holds often the wise and the good;
Through thatch and through pane,
I leap in again,
A gift all unsullied from God.

V.

I shrink from the halls,
And thick-curtained walls,
Where wealth lies in sorrow all day;
But in at the door
Where dwelleth the poor,
A daily warm visit I pay.

VI.

I never will shrink
From the cataract's brink,
But paint on its moisture my bow;
And down on the stream
With radiance gleam,
As stars flashing up from below.

VII.

On Death's pallid cheek
I often will seek
To glow with the beauty of even;
But finding has fled
The soul of the dead,
Will mount with it gladly to Heaven!

VIII.

The night for awhile
May shadow my smile,
Then Nature in sorrow will reek;
I 'll come o'er the lawn
At first peep of dawn,
And wipe each sad trace from its cheek.

IX.

In each opened grave,
I 'll pour in my wave,
To show there is light in the tomb;
And smiling will say,
Come, this is the way
To where I eternally bloom!

RETURN OF THE REDBREAST.

I.

Warble on, pretty redbreast,
Out by the lawn;
Come build now thy downy nest,
Winter is gone;
No more fear the chilling blast,
Shrink not again,
See, Spring has its blossoms cast
Wide o'er the plain!

II.

How sadly thine Autumn lay
Thrilled in the grove,
When faded thy bower away,
Bower of thy love;
Then mourning thou took'st thy flight
On rapid plume,
Away to sweet groves of light,
'Mid tropic bloom.

III.

Thou hast been to a sunny clime,
Far, far away,
Where comes ne'er bleak Winter time,
Frosting the spray;
O'er fields ever green and fair,
There thou couldst roam —
And was thy heart lonely there,
Yearning for home?

IV.

What though in the spicy land
Glow rarest flowers,
And come with the breezes bland
Sweet-scented showers,
When thy heart 's on the blue hills
Skirting thy home,
Where leap the wild mountain rills,
Sparkling with foam.

V.

A glad welcome home again,
Sweet be thy song,
As free o'er thy native plain
Gliding along;
O, come build thy mossy nest
Here on this tree,
When care has my heart opprest,
Then sing for me!

THE TEARS I SHED WHEN MOTHER DIED;

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I spyed a man, whose aged step.
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His faee was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair."

1.

My life has been a life of tears,
And bowed is now my trembling form
Beneath the weight of four score years,
All spent amid life's darkling storm;
But o'er the cheeks no tears can glide
Like those I shed when mother died!

II.

I then was young, and roamed all day
Out o'er the fields among the flowers;
With step so light and heart so gay,
The butterfly I chased for hours;
But thus again, though oft I 've tried,
I ne'er can feel since mother died!

III.

They called me to the room of death,
Where on the couch my mother lay,
And told me that her sainted breath
Had left for heaven the lifeless clay;
Oh! then I shed, while by her side,
Such burning tears when mother died!

IV.

I 've seen my friends and children die,
Have been a homeless wanderer left,
And on the bare cold ground would lie,
Of every ray of comfort reft;
Still darkest far in sorrow's tide,
Are tears I shed when mother died!

THE ABODE OF SOLITUDE.

"These vast fields of waving verdure are uninhabited, and often, while passing through them, I am awed by the solemn stillness which reigns around, undisturbed, save by the whirr of the pheasant's wing, as she starts affrighted at the unusual appearance of man in her wide domain of solitude!"— *Letters from the Prairies, by the Author.*

I.

O, SOLITUDE! thou art the Poet's theme —
To thee his ardent muse pays sacrifice;
Thou art the acme of the hermit's dream;
In love with thee, he from the city flies,
And to the lone and sandy desert hies
With heart elate to meet thee gladly there,
But finds the eddying sands which cloud the skies
All have a tongue to speak, and loud declare,
As on the whirlwind borne, that he must seek elsewhere!

II.

Go, climb with laboring steps the topmost peaks
Of the bold Andes, where the thunder's home
Is built, and whence in sullen wrath it speaks,
As oft it leaps athwart the storm-clad dome,
Flashing its blazing torch o'er Ocean's foam;
But there the Condor dwells, whose screaming rude,
Will drive all thence in other climes to roam,
To find where living thing doth ne'er intrude,
The only true abode of classic Solitude!

III.

Each glen is filled with life; the babbling brook
Here gushes from the hill, and downward falls,
And pours its noisy strains through every nook;
And if we trace the dark, drear caverned halls,
The dripping ooze, slow creeping through the walls,
Drops with a startling echo to the ground;
The intruder's step the loathsome bat appalls,
Whose vampire wings give forth a dirge-like sound —
This is not solitude — here Pluto's reign is found.

IV.

Embark, nor pause until the gallant ship
Shall press the center of the waveless deep,
And all around cerulean heavens dip
The main, and on its burnished surface sleep;

When Zephyr e'en, in western halls doth keep,
And on the deep a Sabbath stillness seems ;
When not a fish doth from the waters leap,
And on the mirrored Ocean brightly gleams
Alternate moon, and stars, and sun's fierce noonday beams.

V.

Yet, here the crew, the ship in all its parts
Doth speak of man, of war, and strife, and noise,
And though the voyager use his various arts
To make it solitude, the fact destroys
The baseless reasoning which the mind employs.
'T is vain to search where we can ever trace
The foot of man, pursuing sunbeam joys,
For Solitude has made its dwelling place
Far from the noisy haunts of man's degenerate race.

VI.

But wouldst thou find the abode of Solitude ?
Go, seek the center of some western plain,
Where naught is seen of man, nor hill nor wood,
Where e'en the cricket chirps no low refrain,
And trembling grouse mount up but sink again,
Affrighted at the sound of their own wing !
Here Solitude still holds its pensive reign
O'er all the vale, whose blossoms noiseless fling
Upon the charméd air the fragrant breath of Spring.

VII.

When here the thunder's voice is heard to roar,
'T is sharp and quick, as is the lightning's glare;
And when the storm doth down its torrents pour,
It throws no herald note upon the air,
But leaps with muffled feet from out its lair,
To quench the thirsty grass and drooping flowers,
Unlocking from their silent halls so fair,
Their hoarded sweets, which blending with the showers,
Will move perfumed along, a proof of Nature's powers.

VIII.

Ay, here in these vast plains which speak of God,
Where no rude trace of man has yet been seen
Among the waving grass, whose drowsy nod
Makes silence visible in robes of green,
The monarch Solitude still reigns supreme,
And all his tongueless train in silence brood,
And nature smiling seems in some sweet dream:
If thou wouldst shun to mix with man, so rude,
Here thou wilt find the blest abode of Solitude!

MORNING IN SUMMER.

The rising Sun with golden fingers parts
The sable locks from off fair Morning's brow,
And warmly kisses from her dew-wet cheek
The marks of grief which night had scattered there,
Then leads her blushing forth, in radiance dressed,
To meet, and yield her virgin charms and reign
To Noon's embrace and fervid rule.
Anon,
The murky vapors, which have heavy lain
Upon the mountain's top, thence spreading wide
Their ghostly folds the sleeping landscape o'er,
Move slowly up the rugged mountain's side,
And from its topmost peak reluctant take
Their leave of earth, and wildly launch upon
A long aerial, uncertain voyage,
The idle sport of every changing wind,
Which soon each misty wreath will rend and lay

Their pride upon some distant shore, to kiss
The vulgar soil, or quickly in the storm,
Blend with the Ocean's waves their last remains.
The prowling beasts and croaking birds of night,
On foul and murderous aims intent, now seek
The dismal cave, to hide in deepest gloom,
Afraid, as men of guilty souls would shun
The searching light of day, which would expose
Their thievish plots, or deeds of darker dye;
But spotless Innocence walks fearless forth,
Nor shuns the brightest glare of Heaven's light,
Which brings no dread, but guilds with brighter hues
Its native truthfulness.

All grades of life
(Which through the night has been but passive held),
As from a general resurrection, now
Arise, all teeming with activity.
The lark from 'neath the clover's scented shade,
Spreads her glad wing to greet the rising Sun,
And from her tuneful throat, in thrilling strains,
Her morning praise floats up to Heaven. The wren,
The thrush, the redbreast (loveliest far of all
The feathered tenants of the wood), and all
The songsters of the vocal groves, trills each
Its varying note, which blending, makes the harp
That fills the woodland shades with harmony.
The butterfly now spreads its gaudy wings,
Their downy velvet richly jeweled o'er
With infinite drops of dew, whose rays reflect
A thousand tiny rainbows round its form.

The flowers, whose closing leaves had barred their halls
As night approached to spread its sable shades,
And rob them of their beauty, now unfold
Their fragrant leaves to catch a brighter hue
Fresh from the pallette of the morning Sun.
The busy hummingbee flies forth to cull,
With eager haste, the sweets remaining from
The flowers' last banqueting. The cattle low
Upon the hills, or rise to crop the plain.
The frisking lamb runs sportive o'er the mead,
Or wages mimic war, and bold defies
The leader out. Proud chanticleer awakes,
And loudly peals his warning note, and leads,
In strutting glory, all his brood to glean
Their morning fare. The plowboy yokes the team,
And whistling goes to turn the yielding glebe,
With lighter heart than ever beat beneath
A royal diadem; while round the door
Just from their beds, half dressed, with rosy cheeks,
Bright eyes, and flaxen curls, the urchins play.
Their joyous happy shout rings loud and clear,
As with old Ponto locked they roll supine
Along the ground, or trip it lightly o'er
The dooryard green.

Now sounds the mellow horn,
Whose welcome note declares the morning meal
Already laid upon the well-spread board,
An early gift from Heaven. First round the hearth
The happy group with reverence come to hear
The words of truth flow from a father's lips;
And then with him to kneel with humble awe

Around that altar where so oft the heart
Has poured its sorrows out in fervent prayer,
And felt them pass away, as light returns
When parting clouds reveal the Sun's bright face.
Oh sacred sight! to see a father pray!
His face upturned, wherein assurance strong
Is seen, and faith which no denial takes,
And through its time-marked lines, the soul within
Seems struggling out, as though it would leap forth,
And mingle back with its eternal source!
Their thanks devoutly paid, they slowly rise,
And seek the wonted place around the board
So truly blessed of Heaven! Then each with joy
Returns to that employ which yields the fruit
Of honest toil and heaven-rewarded care!

But now the circling earth has onward moved
To that position marked, where blushing morn
Resigns its brief control to fervid noon.

LINES ON AN INFANT.

I.

When first I received this fair child,
Enraptured to call it my own,
My heart swelled with bliss as it smiled,
And leaped at its first lisping tone.
I saw in its dark swimming eyes,
As they beamed from their orbits of pearl,
That a cherub had flown from the skies,
Its wings on my bosom to furl.

II.

'T is fair as the morn's dewy rose,
When first its soft petals unroll,
And bright o'er its features there glows
An eloquent beauty of soul;
To enjoy such a rapture of bliss,
If permission to angels were given
To print on those pure lips a kiss,
They would stoop from their own native heaven!

THE CROWN OF THE HAT.

"The modish hat, whose breadth contains
The measure of its owner's brains."

I.

As the poet advises, I oft study man,
And have noted each trait that his nature displays,
And though I must leave him where first I began,
(Since truly but little is known of his ways),
For the good of mankind I 'll record what I 've seen,
With the sage-like conclusions to which I have come,
Nor let any doubt me, I speak what I mean,
And of all my observings give this as the sum:
The main source of error, when justly come at,
Will always be found in the "crown of the hat!"

II.

The world was made rightly, and, well understood,
Will be found in all parts to fulfill its design,
And we, like its Maker, should still call it "good,"
Though all its dark phases we may not define;

And if, like the earth, man would keep in his sphere,
He would ne'er have occasion at fortune to fret,
For e'en should his eye be suffused with a tear,
'T is a gem dropped from heaven that brings no regret;
Whoe'er, then, is fretting with this or with that,
Must have something wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

III.

The modern reformer, self-righteous and wise,
Who deems that the world was ne'er blest with the light,
'Till he on its darkness was seen to arise,
Like the sunbeams of morning dispelling the night,
With clamor denounces each system and creed,
As vile impositions wherewith to deceive,
But proclaims to the world that his own they must heed,
And thunders at any who dares disbelieve;
Now, the poor silly wight is as blind as a bat,
For all has gone wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

IV.

The votary of fashion believes the Creator,
When He first made the sex from the rib of the man,
Had no standard of beauty by which He could rate her,
So she tries to improve his original plan.
The waist is too large and the hips are too small,

These she shapes with a bustle and that with a lace,
And finding a fault in the chief point of all,
Disfigures with rouge the divine human face;
Now, if the poor ninny was not such a flat,
She 'd find her defects in the "crown of her hat!"

v.

And thus every failure and folly and strife,
That bothers us here, has its origin thence,
So that he who is donning a beaver for life,
Should be sure at the start to well stock it with sense.
But some, I 've no doubt, are quite ready to say,
That the poet belongs to the class he describes,
And his own imperfections should closely survey
When others he dares to assail with his gibes;
Well, he in all frankness acknowledges, pat,
That there *is* something wrong in the "crown of his hat!"

ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.

I.

Soft and light o'er the soul are now gliding
Bright illusions of joys yet to be,
While the heart, in their truth all confiding,
On the glad wings of hope mounts so free;
As the sun in the morn clearly beaming,
Throws a halo of light o'er the scene,
So the morning of life sheds a gleaming
On the pathway of youth, fresh and green.

II.

As the bubble that glides o'er the Ocean,
When rude winds scatter foam o'er its crest,
Is both born and expires in one motion
Of the wave, and is never at rest;
Thus how oft do our hopes seem maturing,
Hanging golden and thick on the spray,
But how sadly we 've seen, ere securing,
The ripe clusters like mist fade away!

III.

Oft when hopes have been blest by enjoying,
And our toiling and sorrow seemed o'er,
We still found but a phantom decoying
By allurements to grieve us the more.
E'en the brightest may shine for deceiving;
All that 's richest will oft bring a snare;
What seems truest may still, to our grieving,
But more surely lead on to despair!

IV.

All on earth is illusive and fleeting,
Never blessing when most 't is enjoyed;
Though we try to improve by repeating,
Yet the soul is still empty when cloyed.
But the hopes of the just all depending
On those treasures which Christ has in store,
When with Him up to glory ascending,
They 'll be snared by illusions no more!

TO THE NORTH WIND, RUDELY BLOWING IN MAY.

"Why rage ye thus? no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions, 'till ye wrenched them free
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere."

I.

Oh thou dark wind from northern clime!
Why dost thou rave and mourn?
Hast thou not had thy gala time?
Have we not patient borne?
And wilt thou still advance, nor yield
To Spring's soft balmy hours?
She waits to clothe with grass the field,
And robe the earth with flowers.

II.

When thy dark wing came o'er the plain
With driving sleet and snow,
The zephyr ceased its low refrain,
That thy rough gale might blow;
Now thou art rude to tarry here,
And roar and shriek so loud,
While Zephyr waiting doth appear,
Within yon western cloud.

III.

Thine autumn breath was bleak and wild,
And 'neath thy blighting wing,
All verdure drooped, which early smiled
A tribute from the Spring:
Like some fell spirit thou didst shout,
And clap thy sleety hands,
And throw thy ghostly robes about,
And chain with icy bands.

IV.

And through the long, sad Winter's day,
Thy hoarse, exulting voice,
Was howling through the leafless spray,
With loud and dreary noise;
At which the songsters of the grove
Affrighted left the shade;
And lonely thou wast left to rove
Unwelcome o'er the glade.

v.

And wilt thou rudely still advance,
Nor curb thy dark career,
When bloom and beauty fly thy glance,
And leave thy pathway drear?
Ah! demon-like, 't is thy delight
To scatter ruin round,
And all that 's fairest, loved, and bright,
Lay prostrate on the ground.

vi.

But thou hast had full long the sway,
Much ruin hast thou wrought;
Know soon thy reign shall pass away,
Thy raving come to naught—
Relax thy dark and frowning brow,
And hush that dismal strain—
To Nature's laws with reverence bow,
And seek thy northern plain!

THE WINTRY WIND.

List! the wintry wind is here,
Reveling in its dark career;
Loudly shouting, as it sails
Swiftly o'er the hills and dales;
Bearing from the frosted spray
In its whirl the leaves away;
Scattering from its chilling hand,
Wreaths of frostwork o'er the land;
Robing with its virgin snow,
Mountains high and vallies low;
Spreading out a silver plain,
O'er the lakes and streams again;
Driving into sheltering nooks,
Lowing herds and bleating flocks;
Peeping through each crevice small,
Into cottage, into hall;
Climbing up the winding stair,
Searching out each cranny there;

Where the curtained dwellers sleep,
Looking in with curious peep;
Rattling at the window pane,
Shouting o'er the fields again.
Quick the traveler at its sound,
Draws his robe more close around,
And the maiden vails her face,
To repel its rude embrace;
At its touch the leaves are sear,
Life has fled and death is here!
Yet I love the wintry wind,
Though at first it seem unkind,
For 't is Nature's pruning knife,
Severing off the dead from life,
That the lifegerm might repay,
What its dark wing bears away.

Thus sweet Mercy deals with man,
Struggling through life's varied span.
Spring and Summer first appear,
Bright with smiles, and full of cheer;
Every storm that now doth blow,
Makes our hopes more radiant glow;
But their moments fly apace,
Speeding to life's resting place.
Autumn comes with blighting breath,
Tinging all with hues of death:
Blighted hopes, and quenched desire,
Roused no more by passion's fire;
Eyes o'ercast with gloom of night,
Perished every fond delight,

Life become a weary load,
Panting to return to God,—
Mercy bids life's wintry wind
Snap the ties which earthward bind;
Bids it bear the earth away,
Dust to dust and clay to clay;
Thus the germ of life secure
While the shades of death endure.
When the trump shall rend the tomb,
Then shall life immortal bloom!

MAY.

I.

A welcome May!
We hail the day
Which brings to us thy smiles;
Thy sun and showers,
Thy birds and flowers,
All Nature forth beguiles.

II.

When Winter came,
And clad the plain
In vesture for the tomb,
All verdure fled
The floweret's bed,
So lately rich with bloom.

III.

Then all was drear,
The leaf was sear,
The earth in mourning clad;
O'er hill and dale
Was heard a wail,
'T was Nature's voice so sad.

IV.

From cold embrace
Life sought a place,
To dwell secure from harm,
'Till thy mild beam
Should warmly gleam,
Stern Winter to disarm.

V.

Now welcome May,
Thy spirit gay
With blossoms clothes each knoll,
As pure and bright
As is the light
Which Heaven sheds on the soul.

VI.

When storms arise
And cloud the skies,
And all is dark and drear;
Our joys all fled,
Our dear ones dead,
And all that 's left — a tear;

VII.

'T is Winter's strife
In our sad life,
But Hope spreads her bright wing,
And through the gloom
Of Winter's tomb
Faith sees eternal Spring!

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

I.

Oft memory back is glancing,
To days, alas! no more,
When all to me advancing
The garb of pleasure wore;
When life's young morn was beaming
All cloudless and serene,
And bright as infant's dreaming
Lay on my heart the scene.

II.

Methought an angel's whisper
Came floating on each breeze,
And breathed each leaf a vesper,
That trembled on the trees;

And when the birds were singing
Their cheerful morning song,
My voice, its numbers bringing,
Would loud the notes prolong.

III.

Each star that nightly twinkles
In yonder azure sky,
And peeps from Ocean's wrinkles
With mildly beaming eye,
Was ne'er upon me bending
A softer, holier light,
Than life's first rays ascending,
Dawned on my youthful sight.

IV.

The clouds o'er which was flowing
The evening's purple shade,
As on their pinions glowing,
The golden sunset laid,
Came to mine eye no brighter
Than Hope's delusive rays,
Nor passed their shadows lighter
Than dreams of youthful days!

V.

Ah! as the morning's gleaming,
The floweret's fading bloom,
Thus passed away my dreaming,
And naught remained but gloom;

But faith reveals a dawning
Beyond Time's lurid shore —
The twilight of a morning
Which ends in night no more !

TO AN ANTIQUE MIRROR.

I.

Sacred relic! source of pleasure
More exquisite than the treasure
  Crœsus owned could e'er bestow!
Though thy frame is old and homely,
And thy face is somewhat drumly,
Yet I think thee far more comely
  Than the modern mirror's show;
Others may look on thee grumly,
  And ne'er feel their bosoms glow;

II.

But to me there is a sadness,
Pleasant, sweet—'t is almost gladness,—
  As mine eyes upon thee dwell,
Gently o'er my senses stealing,

Memory's treasures all unsealing,
'Till each quickened pulse of feeling
Yields unto thy magic spell;
And the soul its depths revealing,
Heaves with sighs, but loves them well!

III.

Thou hast borne those fondly cherished
(Now, alas, from earth all perished),
In thy bosom's mystic core;
Though each feature truly limning,
E'en the tears in their eyes swimming,
There is left no stain bedimming,
Thou art stainless as before;
And they now, as pure, are hymning
With the angels evermore.

IV.

Though I see no lingering traces,
Of those once familiar faces,
That have oft been imaged here,
Yet, methinks a sainted mother,
Angel sister, cherished brother,
And, to me more dear, one other,
As I muse are hovering near,
And my heart doth almost smother,
With a strange, delicious fear!

v.

And whene'er before thee sitting,
They seem softly round me flitting,
  Entering through thine antique frame,
With bright angel guards attending,
Whispering peace and joys unending;
And then solemn, slow ascending
  To the entrance whence they came,
Turn and smile, and with thee blending,
  Beckon on and lisp my name.

THE RAINBOW.

I.

A STORM arose, 't was dark and wild,
It tossed the billows high;
In dire amazement Nature saw,
And heavenward raised its eye;
But hurtling wrath filled all the air,
And Mercy shed no radiance there.

II.

On, on it rolls its sinuous folds,
As though convulsed with pain,
But still it bears aloft its crest,
And sweeps the ethereal plain;
Though now it mourns as in despair,
The heavens no signs of mercy wear.

III.

Anon it learns how vain its pride —
A mein subdued appears,
And forth it sends from fountains deep
Its penitential tears ;
Now Mercy smiles, and straight her bow
Beams on the glittering drops below !

IV.

Thus truthful Nature teaches man ;
In vain pride lifts its eyes,
God ever shuts his gracious ear
To unrepentant cries ;
None e'er are heard or e'er forgiven,
Who look with tearless eyes to heaven !

V.

But when repenting sinners come
To seek their Father, God,
And bow to him with streaming eyes,
His hand withdraws the rod ;
Amid their griefs His smile appears,
And Hope's bright bow begems their tears !

FLORA'S ADVENT.

Flora, Flora comes again,
Scattering flowers along the plain,
As she trippeth o'er the lea,
To the zephyr's minstrelsy.
Smiles her radiant steps adorn,
Fresh from love and beauty born,
And her breath perfumes the air,
Breathing incense everywhere.
Bright the dew's pellucid globes,
Spangle all her emerald robes;
Soft upon the air around,
Music floats in murmuring sound;
And her fairy form is seen,
Decked in flowers and vernal green,
Glassed in every fount and rill,
As the shadows of the hill

Pictured lie beneath the stream,
Glancing back with wavy beam.
Where the creeping ivies twine
With the fragrant jessamine;
Where the rose lifts up its head,
'Bove the modest violet's bed;
O'er the hawthorn-scented dale,
And the flower-enameled vale;
On the mountain; by the glade;
'Neath the trellised arbor's shade;
O'er the vine-enwoven hedge;
By the brook amid the sedge —
Yea, her smiles and garlands rare
Hangs she blooming everywhere!

At her presence, pensive care
Quick assumes a cheerful air;
Sadness heaves no more a sigh,
Sorrow wipes her tearful eye;
And through Nature's wide domain,
Thrills the ever joyful strain,
Vive La Flora! reign for aye,
With thy loved and gentle sway!

THE EVENING ZEPHYR.

I.

'T is born within a buttercup,
And scented by the rose;
It lives where trellised vine climbs up,
And murmuring streamlet flows.

II.

It steals a kiss from every flower,
And treads with airy feet,
Its noiseless path from wood to bower,
Where sighing lovers meet.

III.

In graceful waves it moves the bough
And undulating grain,
While Echo's voice, with silvery flow,
Murmurs a soft refrain.

IV.

And at the gorgeous verge of day
It wings its evening flight,
Where sleeping vallies stretch away
In pensive, dreamy light.

V.

It wantons with each fair one's cheek,
Untwists the truant curl,
And nestling in some bosom meek,
Its viewless wings will furl.

ON REGAINING A LOST UMBRELLA.

I.

A welcome back, my much lamented friend!
My love is true
As when span new
I made thee mine, and vowed to never le n
No, not to friend or foe,
Rich or poor, high or low;
For me alone thy sheltering folds should spread;
Nor should it matter whether
'T was wet or sunny weather,
Thou, thou shouldst not protect another head.
But since the days of Adam,
And Eve, the first dear Madam,
Ne'er smooth the course of love has ever run;
No sooner had I bought thee,
Than other lovers sought thee,
And thou hast sheltered scores instead of one!

II.

I oft had heard it said that thou wouldst roam —
It mattered not
With whom thy lot
Was cast, so it was not at thy own home.
To make secure my claim,
I graced thee with my name,
And fondly hoped to make thee wholly mine;
But vain the hope was cherished,
My expectations perished;
Another's service thou didst ne'er decline.
But now thou art degraded,
Old, rickety, and faded,
Thou hast returned to find a home and friend;
Well, though thou hast deceived me,
I cordially receive thee,
And all thy tattered rents will kindly mend!

SONG.

I.

I will not emblem flowers to show
How dear thou art to me,
For though so fair, no soulless thing,
Can e'er resemble thee!

II.

Yet thou art fair as any flower,
Or star that e'er hath shone,
But I do love thee most because
Thy heart is all my own!

III.

The fairest flowers are born of earth,
And soon decay and die,
But love and beauty such as thine,
Are gathered to the sky!

TO AN OLD ALMANAC.

I.

Discarded friend!
At sight of thee what memories throng the brain,
And closely blend
Their intermingling shades of joy and pain!

II.

Within thy year
Of incident and change — o'erfraught with woe —
Full many a tear
Was shed o'er hopes deferred and friends laid low!

III.

Fresh into life
How many thousands sprang, with earliest breath
To join the strife
Which lures them back apace to shades of death!

IV.

In Hymen's bands,
That trusting hearts in Wedlock's joys unite,
The lovers hands
Were joined, and bosoms thrilled with wild delight.

V.

But ere the glow,
Which manfled o'er the bridal cheek, had fled,
At Death's fell blow,
O'er cheek and brow eternal paleness spread!

VI.

The bridegroom turned
To thee, and marked upon thy page the day
His love was urned,
And graved it on his heart to live for aye!

VII.

And thus each hour
That came within the compass of thy reign,
With equal power
Links some fond heart to memories of pain!

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

I.

Oh! how I long to meet thee, love,
Our arms to fondly twine,
With lip to lip, and heart to heart,
As when I called thee mine.
Then hopes were clustering thick around,
Like dewgems on the spray,
For life had cast no darkling shade
Across our flowery way.

II.

Oh! how I long to meet thee, love,
As when thy love for me,
Unclasped thee from a mother's neck,
A doating father's knee,

And won thy trembling heart from home,
Thy love and faith to twine
In closer folds around a heart,
That ne'er was worthy thine!

III.

Oh! how I long to meet thee, love,
As by the river's side,
We met to stray at twilight's hour,
And watch the silvery tide;
How soon it was forgotten, love,
And left to glide unseen,
That we might view love's stainless wave,
That flowed our hearts between.

IV.

Oh! how I long to greet thee, love,
As when beneath the hill,
We sat around our cottage hearth,
And drank of bliss our fill;
Ah! 't was an hour too bright to last,
Its glow soon passed away,
Misfortune's cloud hath intervened,
And overcast our way.

V.

But we again shall meet, my love,
And find affection's power
Can quick dispel each darksome cloud,
And glow as in youth's hour.

Ah, sweeter then shall be the voice
Of love's enchanting strain,
And all those fondly-cherished scenes,—
We 'll live them o'er again !

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, it is well."—2 *Kings*, *iv*, 26.

I.

Why droops the mother's head,
And flows the tear?
Hear'st not the angels' tread
Around the bier?
Know God hath from thy breast
Plucked thy sweet flower,
And borne the early blest
To his own bower!

II.

What though the heart be riven?
All, all is well,
Thy child hath gone to heaven,
In bliss to dwell;

The sainted choir above
Asked it away,
And it has gone to love
And join their lay.

III.

Ah! how did angels sing,
When for the skies
Thy cherub spread its wing,
With glad surprise,
And lend their pinions' power,
To bear away
The early gathered flower
To endless day!

IV.

One less the ties to sever,
That bind thee here;
One more is fixed forever
In yon bright sphere!
While now the storm is wild,
And dark the spell,
"*Well is it with the child?*"
Ay, "IT IS WELL!"

THE LIGHTNING'S COMPLAINT.

I.

Alas! my ancient glory fades,
Like some low earth-born thing,
For man has plucked me from the skies,
And bound my fiery wing.

II.

The nations oft at me have gazed,
And trembled with affright,
When vaulting through the welkin dark,
I trailed my livid light.

III.

The angels e'en in wonder stood,
When at the high command
Of Heaven, I hurled old Satan down
Upon the burning strand.

IV.

And when man's sins called vengeance down,
Before my scathing blaze
The stoutest heart, appalled with fear,
Shrunk back in dire amaze.

V.

When God in wrath o'erspread the earth
By waters from his hand,
I flashed around the lofty hills,
And rent the solid land.

VI.

What wonders I o'er Sodom wrought,
And Nineveh of old!
And louder still, on Sinai's top,
My deep-mouthed thunder rolled!

VII.

And I have crushed the thick-ribbed bark,
Which braved the ocean storm;
And prostrate laid the proudest work,
The art of man could form.

VIII.

Great men and wise in olden time,
Whene'er they saw me shine,
A victim on my altar laid,
And paid the rite divine.

IX.

But now, alas! no sacrifice
Smokes on my altar fire,
For man has caught me from the skies,
And harnessed me in wire!

X.

Oh! is it not a foul disgrace,
That I who worlds have rent,
Should now be made a paltry clerk,
To number cent. per cent.?

XI.

Nay, this is deemed too high employ,
And I must be a mule,
To pack from town to town the thoughts
Of every prating fool!

XII.

I should not feel dishonored much,
To lend my wings of fire,
To trace in burning words the song
Breathed from the poet's lyre;

XIII.

For this would still be heavenly work,
In which I could unite,
Although the poet's radiant thoughts
Might half obscure my light.

XIV.

But thus to quote the worth of stocks,
And current market prices,
And ply the common tattler's trade,
To publish human vices;

XV.

To tell each day how cotton sells,
Each night of balls and revels;
And in the morning copy give
To all the printers' devils —

XVI.

Oh! this my soul has humbled quite —
I am no more a wonder,
Since man first caught me by the mane,
And silenced all my thunder!

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF A SON.

I.

Fond memory still upon him dwells,
And often sadly weepeth;
But faith in whispering accent tells,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

II.

Let this sweet thought dry up thy tears —
Thy boy the Saviour keepeth;
Upon the Cross it aye appears,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

III.

The atheist may scout thy trust,
His soul in error steepeth;
Though naught appears but moldering dust,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

IV.

Though o'er his cold and lifeless clay
The sexton rudely heapeth
The clods of earth, yet, still I say,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

V.

With this blest hope, thy soul with joy
I know exulting leapeth,
For thou canst say of thy dear boy,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

VI.

What though the King of Terrors dread,
His ripening harvest reapeth,
Of every saint it will be said,
"*He is not dead, but sleepeth!*"

"MY BARK IS ON THE DEEP."

I.

My bark is on the deep
  Where billows roar,
And high the wild winds sweep
  The waves so hoar;
Yet my bark shall safely ride
O'er the dark and stormy tide,
With Jesus at my side,
  I fear no more!

II.

What though loud thunders roll,
  And lightning's blaze
Is seen from pole to pole,
  It ne'er dismays;
For, through all the gloomy night
Bethlehem's Star will give me light,
To guide my bark aright
  To endless days!

THE PROMISED FEAST.

Among the many sad details of the famine in Ireland, it is stated that a mother who had begged all day without success, returned at night to her starving children, and stilled their cries by the promise of a feast in the morning; she then laid herself by them on a pallet of straw, in which position they were all found dead soon after.

I.

Alas, alas! I 've begged all day,
And many tears have shed,
But from each door was spurned away,
Without one crumb of bread —
And must I hear my children cry,
"Dear mother, bread!" and see them die?

II.

Now children, dry those tears, and sleep,
Your straw is fresh and clean,
When morning comes a feast we 'll keep,
Out by the graveyard green :
There, take this kiss ; now seek your bed,
To-morrow you shall all have bread !

III.

Sleep, sleep my babes, at least this bliss
Is still enjoyed by you ;
It like an angel comes to kiss
From your wet cheeks the dew,
Which sorrow's night has thickly strown
Where health and beauty lately shown.

IV.

They 're murmuring now—how sweet they smile,
And say — " *to-morrow — bread !* "
" *Ay, on the green out o'er the stile,*
Our table shall be spread ! "
Dream on, dear babes, no more you 'll crave,
You 'll feast to-morrow — *in the grave !*

V.

Ah me ! their lips are silent now,
The quivering pulse is still ;

The damps of death lie on each brow—
Oh God! it is thy will—
I come, I come, all ties are riven,
To-morrow we shall feast in Heaven!

ON HEARING A CLOCK STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

Thou old clock bell! thy modest chime,
Gives forth the knell of ebbing time,
But in thy pensive midnight toll,
I hear a voice address the soul.

II.

It speaks of days now past and gone,
Of dreams of youth forever flown,
The light of joys which thrilled the heart,
And early friends, soon called to part.

III.

Again I view my boyhood's home,
With rapture o'er its meadows roam,
Where oft with line and pin-bent hook
I sought the gold fish in the brook.

IV.

I see the schoolhouse in the dell,
Where first I learned to read and spell,
And taught my truant squads to wheel,
Or trimmed and launched the mimic keel.

V

For nuts I sought yon sunny hill,
Where foaming leaps the babbling rill,
And on the mountain's towering crest
I daring sought the eaglet's nest.

VI.

Beneath the yew that droops its shade,
My nearest, dearest friends are laid;
The rose that scents the fragrant air,
Was nurtured by my filial care.

VII.

I mark the hill, with outline blue,
Where last I turned to bid adieu
To dearest friends and sweetest home,
With trembling heart and faltering tone.

VIII.

Oh, strike again! thy pensive song,
In pity yet awhile prolong,
For in thy tones joy smiles again,
But ceasing, back returns the pain.

SONNET.

ADDRESS TO SILENCE.

O Silence deep! thou holdest with thy spell
The brazen trump of noise. I mark thee now,
Thy magic wand is waving o'er my brow,
And sounds are hushed save but the heart's low knell;
The shadows e'en seem conscious of thy reign,
And flit along the wall with muffled tread,
As fitfully the flickering lamp doth shed
A somber gleam o'er curtain, wall, and pane.
The clock, which still moves on its ceaseless round,
Marks well thy presence, and with softened chime,
Gives forth its solemn voice, whose dirge-like sound
Notes to the busy world the flight of time:
Ay, now I feel thee, awful and profound!
And limb and lip are in a death-like stillness bound.

DIRGE AND ELEGY OF 1847.

At Louisville, Kentucky, this year was ushered in during the prevalence of a severe thunderstorm, and it expired under like circumstances. It was also remarkable for the existence of the Mexican war, the Irish famine, the ravages of the cholera in the East, and the occurrence of extraordinary calamities by fire and flood.

DIRGE.

I.

All Nature mourns at this sad hour of death,
And freely pays the sympathizing tear.
The thunders roll, and winds with wailing breath
Join in a requiem o'er the expiring year;
Soon, soon its shade will press the viewless plain,
Where lies each year by Time successive slain.

II.

Howl, howl ye winds ! until your bellowing throat
Shall swelling burst, your voice it will not hear,
And should the thunder peal its loudest note
To blend, it would not wake the dying year !
Then lay it in that grave, from whose dark hall
No startling echo leaps to mark its fall !

III

Ay, this is right ! let Nature dress in gloom,
And quench the light of moon and glowing star ;
A monarch slain awaits the insatiate tomb —
Nay, let no wingéd lightning gleam afar,—
Hushed be each cheerful note and voice of glee —
Entomb the year within Time's cemetery.

IV.

Make way, here winds along the weeping train,
To greet the dead once more, and say farewell ;
And some will grieve with hearts o'ercharged with pain,
As clustering round the bier of Time, they tell
Of hopes deferred, of wrongs and sorrows known,
Which bled the heart, and heaved the bitter groan.

V.

Departed year ! how sweet thy hours to some,
For in their laps thy richest joys were shed ;

But there are those to whom each thought will come,
If linked with thee, all pleasureless and dead!
These marked thy hours by sickness, want, and death!
Those drank thy sweets, nor felt keen sorrow's breath.

VI.

Thou 'rt gone — adieu! Now o'er thy tomb appears
The storied pile, each side well written o'er,
On this in smiles, on that in blood and tears!
Oh, then, how kind is Nature thus to pour
With us her flooding grief, and freely pay
A mourner's tribute to thy parting day!

ELEGY.

I.

Another year is gathered to the past,
With all its varied scenes of joy and woe;
Its hours of pleasure were too bright to last,
Its floods of grief too copious long to flow.

II.

Full many a hope its noiseless wheels have crushed,
As on they sped to meet the hour of doom;
Full many a heart in death's long stillness hushed,
And borne in conquering triumph to the tomb.

III.

Its hour of birth was pealed by thunders loud,
Amid the lightning's glare and livid light;
And o'er its close there hung a sable cloud,
And 'mid the howling storm it took its flight.

IV.

The vail of gloom which hung o'er Nature's face,
To greet its early dawn and last decline,
But imaged forth the ills to which the race
Was doomed, by Heaven's decree, in every clime.

V.

The baleful scourge has walked the sunny East,
And borne its millions to the darksome tomb;
While meager Famine long has held a feast,
And fed his maw with Erin's fairest bloom.

VI.

"Grim-visaged War" has stained his reeking hand,
With blood fresh drawn from thousands rashly slain,
And clothed in sable weeds a weeping land,
For those who sleep beneath the ensanguined plain.

VII.

The floods have burst their channel's wonted bounds,
And sped with ruin wide o'er field and fell;
While fire and storm have swept the searéd grounds,
And touched the hopes of man with blighting spell.

VIII.

It lives, a saddened memory of the past,
  Rich with the blighted hopes of youth and age;
A leaf of time, where Wisdom's ray doth cast
  A light to point the moral-gleaming page.

"COME EACH WITH SMILING FACE."*

I.

Come each with smiling face,
Where we have day by day,
With gladness sought our place,
Our lessons well to say.
Oh! happy, happy hours,
How swift they 've glided by,
Like sunset's golden towers,
That glow, and fade, and die.

II.

Though gone we ne'er complain,
For Memory's pleasing spell
Brings back the smiling train,
And whispers, all is well!

* Sung by the pupils of a Female Seminary at a public examination.

For we have done our best
To improve each passing hour,
And light upon the breast
Is laid Remorse's power.

III.

We come with hearts so full,
To hail this happy morn,
For here the rose we pull,
Nor feel the piercing thorn;
'T is not to be entwined
Within our silken hair,
But treasured in the mind,
To glow with beauty there.

IV.

Though fair our forms and bright,
Of them we ne'er are proud,
For soon will sink their light,
Behind life's darkling cloud;
But cherished be the mind,
And guileless kept the heart,
For these we ever find
Are gems of heavenly art.

THE LEAF'S COMPLAINT; OR EARTH'S FRIENDSHIPS.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

A Leaf, that chanced to fall one day,
Down by the garden wall,
Began to mourn, in pensive strains,
Its sad, untimely fall.

II.

"And must I lie on this cold earth,
With dying things around,
And loose the bloom which graced my youth,
And sink into the ground?

III.

"My parent was yon monarch tree,
The loftiest top in air;
And though I am so lowly now,
'T was proud to have me there.

IV.

"The birds oft lit upon my stem,
Their sweetest songs to sing,
And ever called me in their lays,
The fairest leaf of Spring.

V.

"The dews of night lay on my breast,
And drank the fragrance there,
Which morning's orient beams exhaled,
Perfuming all the air.

VI.

"When Sol's fierce rays had scorched my charms,
And droopingly I hung,
Refreshing showers came to my aid,
And coolness round me flung.

VII.

"Soft zephyrs rocked my native spray,
And vigils round me kept,
When all the stars came out at night,
To smile as Nature slept.

VIII.

" Ay, when I grew and proudly waved
Upon my native bough,
All came obsequious to my will,
But all forsake me now !

IX.

" The winds that came so soft and bland
To lull me to repose,
Now heap vile rubbish on my form,
With every breath that blows.

X.

" The rains, that once refreshing came
As nectar from the gods,
Now seek to press me lower still,
Beneath these filthy clods.

XI.

" The gentle dews, once soft and mild,
Now chill my shrinking form;
And here I lie, a friendless one,
For vilest things to scorn !

XII.

" E'en vulgar weeds, so lately proud
To dwell beneath my shade,
Now rudely cry ' away ! away ! '
If near their roots I 'm laid.

XIII.

"Ah! why do all forsake me now,
When most I stand in need,
And rend with keener pangs a heart
Already made to bleed?

XIV.

"Earth's friendships ever thus are false
As baseless visions are;
When naught is craved, they all would give,
When much, they 've naught to spare!

XV.

"But cease; I will no more complain,
Though friendless now and riven;
For those who suffer most on earth,
Enjoy the most of Heaven!"

MISSIONARY SONG.

I.

Farewell, dear native home,
Your hills and dales of beauty,
Far hence we now must roam
To tread the path of duty,
In heathen lands,
Where Satan's bands
Still hold benighted nations,
On their dark hights,
As Zion's lights,
We go to take our stations :
Then farewell, dear native home,
Your hills and dales of beauty,
Far hence we now must roam
To tread the path of duty.

II.

Farewell to parents dear,
To brothers, sisters weeping;
Dry up the parting tear,
And still the heart's wild leaping;
For though we part
With riven heart,
The word by Christ was spoken,
And he can heal
The pains we feel,
And bind the hearts now broken:
Then farewell to parents dear,
To brothers, sisters weeping,
Dry up the parting tear,
And still the heart's wild leaping!

III.

Farewell, a last farewell!
Though sad, 't is said with pleasure;
With joy we go to tell
Of Christ, the priceless treasure!
Then spread the sail,
And catch the gale,
To waft us o'er the ocean;
From all below
We gladly go,
And still each sad emotion:
Now farewell, a last farewell
Though sad, 't is said with pleasure;
With joy we go to tell
Of Christ, the priceless treasure!

MY BOWER OF PRAYER.

"Where'er I roam, whatever land I see,
My heart untraveled still returns to thee."

Long years have passed, as on the rapid wheels
Of time they onward move at God's command,
Until the angel, when life's sand is run,
Shall stand, one foot upon the shore, and one
Upon the sea, and lift his awful hand,
And swear by him who lives forever, "Time
Shall be no more!" The friends of youth, and those
Of riper age, now rest within the tomb.
They passed away like vapors from the Sun,
When from the East he gilds the rosy morn.
A father's watchful care, a mother's love,
A brother's aid, a sister's angel smile,
Are now remembered only by the tear
Which oft the sacred impulse of the soul
Bestows as tribute to their memory.

Though Time has flown on noiseless wing, yet as
It passed, its pinions brushed from Memory's page
Impressions, precious as the light of life,
Of happy days, and early-cherished hopes.

But in the recollections of the past,
One spot to Memory still is held most dear —
That sacred place — my shady Bower of Prayer!

With interwoven boughs, twin cedars grew
Upon the spot, and cast an ample shade
With wide-spread arms, luxuriantly clothed
With their unfading green of summer's hue.

On either side, beneath their cooling shade,
Lay sleeping all that mortal is of man.

There lay the agéd sire, three score and ten,
Whose weary feet had trod the upward steep
And downward hill of life, then sought from toil
To rest awhile in this secluded place.

There lay, in Death's embrace, the blooming bride,
The bridal wreath scarce faded on her brow!
How fair her sunny spring of life shone forth
In radiant smiles — how bright her star of hope!
But Death relentless came, and blew upon
The blooming flower — it drooped upon its stem,
Then fell to earth and mingled with the dust.

Before me, hushed in dreamy silence, lay
The smiling babe, that only oped its eyes

Upon this world of woe; then shrinking back,
Appalled and sickened at the painful sight,
Closed them again, calm as the charméd hour
When angels sleep. Upon its little grave
There lay, all shaded o'er with fresh-blown flowers,
A pure white stone, where clustering angels stood
With smiling looks bent o'er its epitaph:
It read:

"Sweet Babe!"

It was its history
Complete.

In such a place the very air
I breathed was prayer; it came as from the flap
Of Cherub's wings, among the swaying boughs,
With murmurs sweet as echoes caught from Heaven.
The loved departed seemed to hover round,
Watching with pious care their sleeping dust.

When here I bowed to pray, I felt as one
Who breathes the air and walks the courts of Heaven.
Oh! all sweetest scenes of life may fade,
And Memory no more recall their hours
Of transient bliss; but that dear sacred place —
My secret bower of prayer, will aye remain
While life endures, nor yet forget in death:
If spirits from yon bright and blessed world
E'er wander back to scenes of mortal life,
I oft will linger round with noiseless step,
My hallowed "Bower of Prayer" among the tombs!

"I LOVE THE NIGHT."

I LOVE the night, the solemn night,
With starry sheen,
When Luna sheds her holy light
O'er all the scene.
Her silvery beams lie on the hill,
The slumbering wave and winding rill,
The valley low,
O'er smiling meads and shadowy spray,
In mellow radiance gleam and play,
Twinkle and flow.

The flowers have shut their closet doors,
In voiceless prayer;
And all around sweet incense pours
Upon the air;

While from each closed and holy cell,
A "still small voice," like murmuring shell,
Sings to the even —
All Nature charmed and peaceful lies,
And smiles, as through yon starry eyes
Bursts light from Heaven.

I love the night — it hath a voice
Of eloquence,
Bidding the tranquil soul rejoice
O'er groveling sense.
When 'mid its hush, with gushing heart,
I stand, I feel no more a part
Of this dark world;
But seem among the heavenly throng,
Catching the echo of their song,
With pinions furled.

THE EXILE'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I.

While an exile from home sadly wandering,
Though surrounded by crowds, I 'm alone;
And in halls of delight ever pondering
O'er the fond recollections of home.

II.

All the scenes which the heart fondly treasures,
Seem like sunlight to glide o'er my way,
And the soul tastes again of those pleasures,
I once thought were ne'er doomed to decay.

III.

How the chords of the heart are now thrilling,
As these thoughts fill the soul with a charm;
Like the voice of the Saviour, they 're stilling
The wild storms of the soul to a calm.

IV.

Oh! how blissful at evening reclining
On the moss-covered bank near the glade,
Where the rose and the myrtle entwining,
Formed with festoons of blossoms a shade;

V.

And the wave of the brook softly gliding,
Poured its clear silver tones on the ear,
And the thrush and the redbreast were hiding
In the spray-covered wood that was near.

VI.

Oft when thoughts of those scenes are beguiling
My sad heart from its sorrows and care,
Each dear friend seems as erst on me smiling,
And again to recline with me there.

VII.

Sweetest home of my childhood, endearing,
As relentless I'm forced from thy view;
Still the thoughts of thy joys are as cheering,
As to flowers is the breath of the dew.

VIII.

To my memory thy meadows are greenest,
Ever brightest thy streams, purling clear;
Thy blue skies overhead are serenest,
And thy hills and thy valleys most dear!

IX.

Though the winds and the billows of ocean,
May with strangers still bear me to roam,
While this heart can e'er feel one emotion,
The poor exile will think of his home!

AUTUMN SONG.

I.

With joy the reaper's singing,
As ripening fields are shorn,
And harvest days are bringing
Their ample stores of corn.
The kines' distended udders
Their snowy fountains yield,
And flocks, as Autumn shudders,
Come bleating from the field.

II.

The yard with feathered numbers
Delights the housewife's view;
Rich cheese the dairy lumbers,
And golden butter too;

The fat, unwieldy porkers
Await the slaughtering day;
The stalls are filled with yokers —
The barns with wheat and hay.

III.

Rich forestnuts by measure
Will grace the Winter's night,
And orchards' juicy treasure
Come blushing into sight.
To want we still are strangers,
Our bodies strong with health,
Protected from all dangers,
Our labors crowned with wealth;

IV.

Now round the glowing hearthstone
We 'll come with thankful joy,
With busy care and toil done,
Our evening hours employ
In warm and friendly greeting,
Or harmless, sportive mirth,
Our ardent prayers repeating
For the land of Freedom's birth!

THE DYING MISSIONARY.

"In order to afford her the best medical advice, and if death should prove inevitable, allow her to spend her last days with her venerable parents, she was removed to Louisville, Kentucky; but no sooner had all hopes of a recovery failed, than she desired to return to her station among the Indians, to die: nor could the earnest entreaties of parents, husband, or friends, induce her to relinquish her purpose. Her wish was gratified: and she returned to suffer a short time, and then found a grave among those for whom she had so long wept and prayed."—*Obituary of Mrs. D. L.*

I.

They say I must die and lie in the dark tomb,
But this can ne'er grieve me, I dread not its gloom,
For there beams from the Cross a celestial ray,
Which dispels, by its brightness, the gloom of the way;
But sleeping or waking, I far away roam,
And long to return to my wild Indian home.

II.

To change this firm purpose and wish of my soul,
My friends have united my thoughts to control;
My own dearest mother bends o'er me in tears,
My husband implores me, as oft he appears;
But sleeping or waking, I far away roam,
And long to return to my wild Indian home!

III.

My father, whose head is o'er-silvered by time,
Throws round his affections my heart to entwine;
My own tender offspring array every charm
That Nature has given, my will to disarm;
But sleeping or waking, I far away roam,
And long to return to my wild Indian home!

IV.

They tell me 't is better that I should die here,
Surrounded by friends and each relative dear,
Than far in the wild wood to find a lone grave,
Where the wolves only howl and the wild grasses wave;
But sleeping or waking, I far away roam,
And long to return to my wild Indian home!

V.

To die in the city among the gay throng,
Where mingle the laughter, the dance, and the song,

And then to be borne where my foot hath ne'er strayed,
And sleep where the ashes of thousands are laid —
O ! no, 't is repulsive ! — I far away roam,
And long for a grave in my wild Indian home !

VI.

But a thought far more holy inclines me to part,
And sunder those ties that entwine round the heart—
'T is those tribes who received the rich bloom of my youth,
And plucked from my lips the first blossoms of truth—
O ! sleeping or waking, I far away roam,
And long to return to my wild Indian home !

VII.

With them I would rest till the last trumpet's sound
Shall wake them and me from the dark-heaving ground,
And with them together in triumph would rise
To meet the blest Saviour who glows on the skies—
O ! why do you tarry ? I far away roam,
And long for a sight of my loved Indian home !

VIII.

Back, back ere I die, let me quickly repair,
And breathe once again of its sweet-scented air,
And when I am dead, O, then make my lone grave
Where its wild flowers bloom and the green branches wave —
O ! beseech me no more ! I far away roam,
And long to lie down in my wild Indian home !

WINTER.

I.

The gelid Earth lies numb within a shroud
Well bleached upon the azure fields of air,
Which lately from its sleety hand the cloud
Threw thickly down to robe the landscape fair.
The frost goes forth to draw with labored care,
An icy mirror o'er each limpid stream,
Or from the eaves spins out the silver hair,
Which, glistening in the Sun's reflecting beam,
Gives forth a sparkling light, like purest diamond's gleam.

II.

The orient beams seem loth to mount the skies,
And shed athwart the earth a chilling light;
Toward the Southern Cross the Sunbeam hies,
And leaves the Northern Bear in polar night.

The boreal flames in coruscations bright,
Up to the Zenith shoot their lambent glow,
At which the untaught herd stand pale with fright,
With superstition view the sinuous bow,
From which the ghostly flames shoot forth to gild the snow.

III.

The cheerful songsters of the vocal shade,
No longer trill their summer notes with glee ;
The floweret's stalk lies prostrate, stript, and dead,
Its leaves and flowers wide-scattered o'er the lea,
Their fragrance mingled with the aerial sea,
Where gather all the natal sweets of flowers,
To be poured out again so fresh and free,
When Spring returns with sunny smiles and showers,
To build with fairy hands anew her vernal bowers.

IV.

The leafless trees wave high their branching arms,
Through which the wind sweeps on with hollow mourn,
As though exulting o'er the prostrate charms
So rudely from their blooming tops betorn
By its own blast. Though to the hollows borne
To rot, they will not waste, for soon again
The deathless spirit, that but sleeps forlorn,
Will leave its bed, and with the vernal rain,
Spring up to bloom anew, and deck the rural plain.

V.

The mountains high their craggy peaks uprear,
White as a head by time well-silvered o'er;
Their summer-blooming sides, now chill and drear,
Glow with enchantment on the eye no more;
The crystal streams that down their summits roar,
Now shine like burnished mirrors on their peaks,
Arrested by that frosty Fay so hoar,
Who, reveling in its chilling anger, wreaks,
As though 't would Nature's heart tear out in its mad freaks.

VI.

The herd stand trembling round the well-filled rack,
Or chew the cud within some sheltering nook;
The fleecy sheep run sportive round the stack,
And plucked the hay with well-contented look;
The geese come gabbling from the frozen brook,
Displeased to find their much-loved watery home
'Gainst them inclosed in every turn and crook;
And not again, until the Spring shall come,
Will they, with plume unwet, its limpid surface roam.

VII.

The village youths enlist a joyous train,
In gliding sleighs to range with merry bells;
Now on with shouts they skim along the plain;
The ringing shout comes back from neighboring dells,

As Echo's mimic voice repeating tells
Each word distinct, though mingling voices spoke.
Oh, thoughtless youth! how soon those magic spells,
That hold thee joyous now, will all be broke,
And that which substance seemed, become as wreathing smoke!

VIII.

The farmer spreads the floor with golden wheat,
And wields with rapid strokes the whirling flail,
The latent grain from worthless chaff to beat;
Then pours it out before the winnowing gale,
While in his mind he counts the growing tale;
Until he marks his own supply of food,
And much remaining for the day of sale;
Then up to Him ascends, who gives all good,
His humble, heart-felt thanks in ardent gratitude!

IX.

The wealthy now, and those with well-filled store,
With happy looks surround the teeming board;
Their children ne'er are heard to cry for more,
Nor do they seek with careful pains to hoard
The scanty pittance weary toil has stored;
Thus do the shivering sons of hapless lot,
On whom the storms of adverse fate have lowered;
They gather 'neath an almost roofless cot,
In rags, to feed on crumbs by hardest toiling got.

x.

Oh! who will feed the Lord's commissioned poor,
Who come to ask not alms but tithes for Heaven;
Nor think because in rags they range the moor,
They from the door must thence be rudely driven?
Crush not the heart already sadly riven,
But show that peerless love your bosom swells,
And give as God to you has freely given;
In such a God-like act Jehovah smells
A pleasing savor that with him forever dwells!

xi.

How wise that God who gives the passing year,
Its varied charms and purpose well to fill;
Though oft it seems to us unblest and drear,
And all our fondest hopes to blight and kill;
But 'neath the frozen earth and snow-capped hill,
The sleeping germ lies in its lowly tomb,
When Spring returns 't will shake off death so chill,
And burst in resurrection from its gloom,
To glow upon the eye with fresher, fairer bloom!

THE INDIAN EXILE.

I.

"This is my own, my native land!"
Where oft amid the dusky band
I've roamed, a brave, with bow in hand,
To ply the hunter's art;
But now this lingering look I cast
O'er thy bright plains — it is the last —
Oh! then may Memory, ere 't is passed,
Engrave thee on my heart!

II.

Soon from thy scenes so dear to me,
A homeless wanderer I shall be;
And here upon the cultured lea
My father's bones shall lie;

While I, upon some distant shore,
Shall weep and exile evermore —
In deathless grief my wrongs deplore —
Oh! who will heed my cry?

III.

Great Manito! with pitying eye
Behold, and hear the Indian's cry;
In all his wanderings be thou nigh
The friendless one, and riven;
Oh! be to him a guard, a friend,
His wants supply, his life defend;
And when his days of grief shall end,
Give him a home in Heaven!

THE WAY OF LIFE.

I.

I WOULD not have life's pathway smooth,
And always glowing 'neath the light,
Nor feast for aye the eyes on scenes,
Where beauty fills the enraptured sight;
No, I would choose at times to climb
O'er rugged ways and mountains drear,
And look on skies where whirling clouds
Amid the darkling storm appear.

II.

All Earth's bright ways show God is good,
And this should raise the heart above;
But when he smiles 'mid storm and night,
Ah! then we know that "GOD IS LOVE!"

'T is thus we prove his promise true,
That crooked ways he maketh straight,
And smoothest spreads the roughest place,
For all who on his statutes wait.

III.

I would not wish life's way to end,
But at the portals of the grave —
If we sought not the Saviour there,
We ne'er should feel his power to save;
Then let the monster, Death, appear,
My soul shall bless the dying strife,
And gladly drop its load of clay,
To mount with joy the way of Life!

HARP OF THE SOUL.

I.

Hark! 't is the pensive evening chime
That thrills the ear and dies;
It marks the noiseless flight of time —
The knell of human ties.

II.

There 's music in that lingering tone,
The tears unbidden start;
It is not left to chime alone,
Responsive beats the heart.

III.

The harp that hangs within the soul,
Is sweetly tuned and free,
And from its breathing chords will roll
The gushing symphony.

IV.

The sorrows felt in other days,
Come rushing back apace,
And seek to blend with higher lays
Their deep and trembling bass.

V.

The lights of boyhood's sunny hour —
A bright and smiling train —
The chords responsive to their power,
Give forth a sweeter strain.

VI.

Those chosen ones forever dear,
By ties of friendship strong,
As in review I each revere,
The Harp gives back its song.

VII.

The breath which floats from Hope's bright wing,
To cheer 'mid anguish sharp,
With magic fingers wakes thy string,
O spirit-sleeping Harp!

VIII.

Oh! pour thy music on my soul,
'Till every note sublime
Shall bear me up beyond control
Of sorrow-burdened Time!

DEATH, OR THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.

SUGGESTED BY WEST'S PICTURE OF DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

I.

Oh, Death ! how cold thy visage doth appear,
But colder still thy adamantine heart ;
Who enter thy domains, so darkly drear,
Must they with every joy and pleasure part?
May they not bring within thy realms of gloom,
The Sun's bright beams, the verdant Spring's fresh bloom ?

II.

No! dost thou say no light nor fragrance there
Can ever come, to cheer the moldering halls
Where thou dost dwell, and gatherest all that 's fair,
Where on the "dull, cold ear" no echo falls ?
Relentless one ! thus to exult with glee
O'er youth and beauty slain — base victory !

III.

Go take the beggar from his wretched lot,
Or snatch the prisoner from his bolted cell;
Release the sufferer from his ridden cot—
All these will gladly go with thee to dwell;
But spare the rich, the free, the young and gay,
Life has a charm for these—Death, go thy way!

IV.

Insatiate monster—no! are these thy claim?
But thou wilt spare the babe, whose cherub face
Glows e'en on thee with smiles—avert thy aim—
Ah! no, thou wilt not spare, for now I trace
Upon that iron brow a fiendish smile,
As thou dost view thy triumphs for awhile.

V.

Go, slay the young, the virtuous and good;
Pierce rich and poor, the mother through her child;
By war and pestilence, by fire and flood,
By every beast that prowls the forest wild;
But still on thee the flying shaft shall turn,
And in thy heart erelong the poison burn!

VI.

So fierce thy zeal the sanguine way to plod,
'Till all should dwell beneath thy sable pall,
Thou didst not spare the incarnate Son of God—
Thy shaft was true; hell saw the God-like fall;
Then victory seemed to perch on thy dark helm,
And conquering shouts reëchoed through thy realm.

VII.

But lo! thy bands like straws are broke in twain,
And forth the conqueror comes, whose radiant light
Sheds day immortal o'er the darkling plain!
The dead revive by his resistless might,
And joyful shout:—"O, Death! where is thy sting?
Henceforth, O boasting grave, no victory sing!"

DOMESTIC BLISS.

I.

Of all the joys this world can give,
There's none that can compare,
With that pure bliss which ever crowns
A virtuous wedded pair.

II.

How sweet, when weary toils are o'er,
And darkness vails the earth,
To taste those joys which cluster round
The fond domestic hearth!

III.

To have the wife and smiling group
Await you at the door,
To share the fond embrace and kiss —
Oh, who could wish for more!

IV.

And then within the ivied cot—
There 's no profusion there;
Yet it contains what ne'er was found,
To dwell with prince or peer.

V.

Oh, 't is the bliss of sweet content,
Of ardent, guileless love;
These make the humblest cottage home,
Like Paradise above!

VI.

Hail, wedded bliss! thou heavenly gift,
My dearest earthly treasure;
Naught hast thou ever brought to me,
But pleasure, *pleasure*, PLEASURE!

"GOD IS LOVE."

I.

That Thou art love, O God, I see,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
The earth around is full of Thee,
The ocean, air, and sky.

II.

Thy hand hath formed the ponderous globe,
And spread the heavenly plain;
Thou givest the year its various robe,
As seasons roll amain.

III.

The stars which deck night's diadem,
Evince thy matchless skill;
Thy wisdom formed each peerless gem,
And they obey thy will.

IV.

And Thou hast stamped one ray of thine
Upon the Sun's bright face,
And while it doth with radiance shine,
'T will show thy boundless grace.

V.

The zephyr whispers, "*Thou art love*,"
The streamlets catch the strain,
While mountains clap their hands above,
And loudly shout, "Amen!"

VI.

But, O my soul, how feeble still
Is love in Nature shown!
But hark! there comes from Calvary's hill
A cry of grief — a groan —

VII.

Oh, Love Divine, immense, supreme!
The Sovereign Lord above
Now dies for man — the peerless scheme —
The proof that "GOD IS LOVE!"

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

'T was midnight's hour, and soft the windharp's strain
Came to my ear from 'neath the window pane,
As zephyr's breath awoke the pensive song,
Thrilled each sweet chord and searched the strings along.
The glowing coals sent forth a cheerful blaze,
And dim the taper grew, and faint its rays;
A drowsy sense along each eyelid creeps,
As when some potent drug the senses steeps.

Anon I roamed beneath a mystic shade,
Where purling rills their music softly played,
And gorgeous flowers distilled ambrosial dew,
And o'er the smiling meads their fragrance threw.
Each peerless tenant of the yielding air,
Sheds rainbow hues from plumage rich and rare.

The pendant boughs their juicy treasures hold,
With purple blushing or resplendant gold.
This vale of light before me glowing laid,
And still it brighter grew as on I strayed.
For whom designed I wondering sought to know,
Nor sought I long, for soon I looked, and lo!
Came moving o'er the paradisial plain,
In long and bright array, a phantom train;
Whom well to view I all attention stood,
And marked the long deploy through field and wood.
Each bore a form half human, half divine,
But various were the forms the shades combine.

I, wondering still, beheld the specter throng,
As 'rayed in living light they moved along.
As differing stars a varying radiance shed,
A varying halo crowns each specter head.
Robed in the glow of their immortal dress
They stood, the teeming offspring of the PRESS.

Among the ranks, with curious, antique look,
The parchment roll is seen, and ancient book,
The labored imprint of barbaric age,
With huge black letters lumbering every page;
The modern tome, embossed, and edged with gold,
With leaves hot pressed and bound in silken fold.
Each varying language and each differing theme
Mix here, and move in one unbroken stream.
But none so bright among the glorious throng,
As those who bear the lyre and breathe the song.
Around their ranks obsequious ever stand
The brightest stars that gem this spirit land.

To them Apollo gives the peerless crown,
And Orpheus at their feet the harp lays down.
The shade of West entwines the sacred bays,
And on each brow a wreath Angelo lays ;
While every voice joins in the loud acclaim,
'Till heaven and earth reëcho their high fame.

FINIS.

Presented To

Rev. F. Augustus Willard,

With special

regards of the

Author

March, 18th, 1850.